Vol. CLXXII. No. 2234

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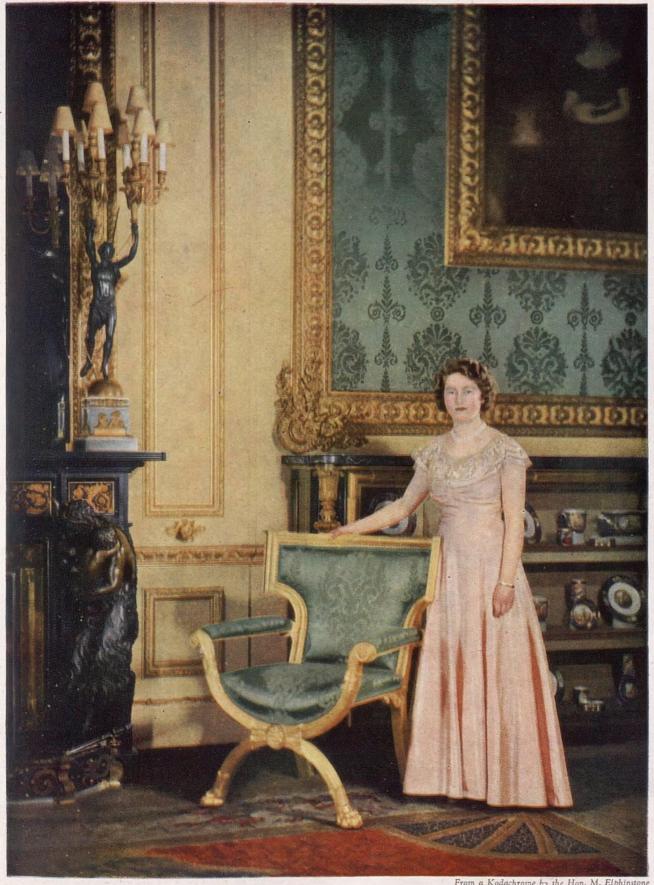
THE TATLER

LONDON APRIL 19, 1944

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From a Kodachrome by the Hon. M. Elphinstone

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth: A Birthday Portrait

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

One Thing And Another

By James Agate

HAVE the most stupendous announcement to make. A revelation which will send the film-world rocking on its heels worse than a British heavyweight who has run into a lovetap from the Brown Bomber. This is that Lassie Come Home should really have been called Laddie Come Home, since the animal concerned is not a lady but a gentleman. This staggering information was conveyed to me in a letter from my old friend Nigel Bruce who, by the way, appears to think that I have imputed to him a sartorial solecism. Meaning that I accused him, as the English peer in that film, of wearing a bowler hat with his evening dress. I did nothing of the kind. What I said was that for a sporting peer to drive a hackney with a long tail was like making any peer, sporting or otherwise-or, for that matter, any commoner-wear a bowler hat with tails. Can my old friend's persistence in the role of

times, as it was shown three times a day for a week. It played to packed houses BECAUSE it was in the same programme as Jack Hulbert's The Camels are Coming. On its own No Greater Glory would have been no draw at all, because the star—young George Breakston, who played Nemechek, the lad who died of pneumonia after getting up from a sick bed to take part in the great battle for the "vacant lot" which neither side achieved—was completely unknown. BUT because of the other picture thousands of people were compelled to sit through No Greater Glory and they enjoyed it. Many were deeply moved by it, and the word got round that we had a "perfect programme." In your suggestions to cinema managers to show this excellent film again, couldn't you suggest that it should be put in as a "second feature" along with a film that is a sure-fire draw? A roundabout way of doing things, no doubt. But the only way for the public to accept what is good for them—and in this case what is really GOOD.



"Song of Russia": A Romantic Conception of our Soviet Allies

"Song of Russia" (at the Empire) is the love story of an American orchestra conductor with a passion for Tschaikowsky (Robert Taylor), and a Russian girl from the great composer's village near Smolensk (Susan Peters). Scorched earth, guerrilla warfare, advancing Nazis, the voice of Stalin, all these are introduced to give a hint of contemporary realism; nevertheless the film is wholly romantic

Dr. Watson be making him a little slow in the uptake? He should ask Basil Rathbone to explain *The Tatler* to him. I am glad, however, to note that my old friend is in the best possible spirits. Or rather, in as good spirits as anybody can be who is condemned to languish tamely in Hollywood when life in the old country is so much more exciting.

A LETTER from Yeovil:-

I was deeply interested to see your recent mention of the film No Greater Glory. I was an employee of the local cinema at the time this film was showing in the West country six or seven years ago, just when the Dictators were coming more and more into the newsreels. I contrived to see it the better part of eighteen

Song of Russia (Empire) seems to me to be a monstrous example of butchering the defenders of the Russian soil to make a Hollywood holiday. I don't for one moment think that the makers of this film were conscious of wallowing in bad taste; I think they were merely stupid. But I cannot see how any person of tact and even rudimentary sensitivity could hope to combine the agony of Russia with the story of a touring American conductor's passion for a Russian farmer's daughter.

Has America produced a great conductor? Toscanini, Stokowsky, Barbirolli—these geniuses are not, I think, American. The film

asks us to assume that John Meredith (Robert Taylor) is a conductor of this quality. Now to me throughout the entire film Taylor suggests that he has considerably less music in him than in the lowest dance-band leader that crawls. However, let us assume for the picture's sake, that Taylor would know, say, the "Siegfried Idyll" from "Yankee Doodle." He has arrived by plane in Russia for what the programme calls a "symphonic tour." And among the crowd at the landing ground is Nadya Stepanova (Susan Peters). Now Nadya was born in the little village of Tschaikovskoe, near Smolensk, which is called after, and has an annual festiyal in honour of, the great composer. Nadya wants to lure Meredith to Tschaikovskoe, and to do this she attends his first rehearsal in Moscow.

THE next thing is how to attract Meredith's attention. And it turns out that nothing could be simpler. Nadya waits till the end of the rehearsal, then steals upon the platform and, sitting down to a superb Bechstein, crashes out the opening chords, bang over wallop, of . . . The task of filling in the name of the Concerto I leave to my sympathetic readers. Whereupon the band unpacks its instruments, sits down again and catches Nadya up! And Meredith, recognizing in Nadya a pianist as good as Adela Verne, Myra Hess and Irene Scharrer, with Moura Lympany and Eileen Joyce thrown in, promises to visit Tschaikovskoe. Arrived at that unpronounceable hamlet he finds Nadya achieving prodigies of virtuosity with a tractor. In the twinkling of an eye Nadya is wooed and won—always supposing it isn't Meredith. There is a real Russian wedding attended by the traditional drinking, gaiety and tumtiddy-umpty-tumtumming. I leave it to my readers to recognize the dance tune without which, it appears, no Russian marriage is legal.

And then Germany invades Russia, and for half an hour or so the film becomes dignified and moving. It is true that we see Nadya setting fire to the crops and scorching the earth in the best presto con fuoco manner. Then comes the old debate. Nadya who is a dab hand at a machine gun, wants to mow down the approaching Nazis. Meredith says "That's kinda tough, but it's O.K. by me," and will lend a hand too. But the voice of conscience or something tells them they will do Russia better service if Meredith resumes his conducting in New York, since his rendering of Russian masters will now be informed by a greater understanding and sympathy which he will communicate to the American people. Whereupon we see him raise his baton in New York's smartest concert hall and listen to the horns giving out the familiar Pom-Pom-Pee! And who is that tiny little figure making as light of these massive opening chords as of the clumsiest tractor, unwieldiest torch, or most cumbersome machine gun? Reader, I will not conceal it from you. It is Nadya.

This film will, I imagine, be an enormous success. If it is, it will be due to the exquisite playing of little Susan Peters, and the sincerity of a large cast of genuine Russians. From which it appears that whatever Samuel Goldwyn may say, it is possible to get Russian actors together when Hollywood really wants them. Robert Taylor? You must answer that question yourself, reader dear. Speaking critically, I maintain that this film is a mistake in so far as it attempts to combine a national epic with a snappy love-affair. That, at any rate, seemed to be the view of the critics who emerged from the little private theatre in Tower Street with the tears of laughter—and the other sort—rolling down their cheeks.



Harry Pepper (Brian Aherne), top writer on "Knickerbocker," is writing a close-up of Carol Ainsley (Rosalind Russell), the outstanding career woman of the year. Carol has sold the movie rights of a sensational novel, "The Whirlwind," and is running a contest to find an actor for the title role

Another Crazy Career Comedy

Rosalind Russell, Beautiful Career Woman, Willard Parker, Her Unsuspecting Victim, and Brian Aherne, Her News-hawk Shadow



Carol meets the author of "The Whirlwind." Professor Michael Cobb (Willard Parker), young, six-foot-four, square-jawed, blond, turns out to be everything she is looking for



Carol puts her new young man through his paces. She promises to marry him in order to get him to Hollywood. Harry spoils her plans and in the end it is Harry who gets the girl



Harry constantly annoys Carol, but she needs publicity. Through him, she learns that the author of "The Whirlwind" may be the hero she is seeking

The Beautiful Cheat, a Columbia picture, is at the Tivoli. In it Rosalind Russell has one of her now well-known beauty-plus-career roles. As a successful agent and movie-star maker, she spends a fortune running a contest to find a new hero. She is unexpectedly successful and ends up with not only a new star on her hands, but a brand-new husband as well. As the "new star," Willard Parker has his first important film role. He was with Gertrude Lawrence on Broadway in Lady in the Dark

The Theatre

The Lilac Domino at His Majesty's

By Horace Horsnell

THIS musical romance, which first saw the footlights at the Empire in 1918, is not a musical comedy, but an operetta. The distinction may not seem important to the rising generation, seeing and hearing it for the first time. Nor is the distinction important. What it amounts to is that the principal arias invite coloratura, that the concerted numbers have operatic ambitions, and that the romantic taradiddles are less arbitrary, the comic relief more reserved, than in musical comedy proper.

There is something about these fond old favourites that lifts them out of the ephemeral rut, defies fickle fashion in rhythms and prolongs their popularity beyond the usual span. The goodwill preserved by The Lilac Domino for twenty-six years is due mainly to the melodies; and although this may not be increased, it is unlikely to be impugned by the present workmanlike revival at His

Majesty's.

The libretto has been tentatively revised, and the comic relief brought tactfully up to date. The ladies are smartly upholstered, the gentlemen sport pre-war tails; and the music, which is the chief preservative, still pays for the good singing it gets. The echoes it awakens in memory are pleasant.

You may possibly recall the plot. Three feckless young Palm Beach-combers down on their luck, who fail to raise it at the casino tables, cast lots as to which of them shall woo and win the fabulous heiress who decorates the offing, the proceeds of success to be shared by them all. Not unnaturally perhaps, the lot falls to the best singer among them, who goes in and provisionally conquers; provisionally, since even operettas can run to three acts, which mere love at first sight, with unhindered marriage bells, would scarcely suffice to fill.

In such cases, procrastination becomes the helpful thief of time; and the eponymous domino is an expedient that serves to conceal the identity of the heroine at the ball, flummox the hero, and eke out the plot. And since this is staged amid the pleasures and palaces of Florida, there is no lack of general diversion to aid and abet the harmless necessary delay of the final curtain.

A well-meaning but unguarded chatter-box, privy to the matrimonial plot, gives its secret away to the lady concerned, who is dutifully horrified and distressed. Thus the raptures of romance are assured of the tears and recriminations that prevent the course of true love from running too smooth and the dénouement from arriving untimely.

Nothing very original in that, perhaps.



Georgine is wooed by the Hon. D'Aubigny (Pat Taylor, Bernard Clifton)



The Can-Can (revised version) is performed with all its old gusto and abandon by Billy Holland, Elizabeth French, Leo Franklyn, Richard Dolman and Graham Payn

True, nor is there meant to be. Even operetta has its conventions, which have to be respected. Where, for instance, would the singing and dancing populace of Palm Beach be without their orchidaceous entrances, tuneful ensembles and tactful exits? What would the comedians do, poor things, deprived of their licensed interludes? Their occupation would be gone. These conventions are generously catered for. Coupon restrictions impose no drabness on the ladies, nor does undue regard for decorum handicap Mr. Leo Franklyn who commands the comic relief with mellow artistry.

The first meeting of hero and heroine has a Sleeping Beauty cachet, even to the kiss that awakens the fair unknown in her alcove at the casino, and gives to the subsequent rumpus

its delaying action.

THE chief consideration, however, is less what is done, than how this revival does it. The score may contain no such spell-binding waltz as fixed The Merry Widow

in the favour of all the world, but it is pleasantly melodious. Innocent of swing, it establishes a friendly liaison between the different tastes of two generations, and goes with a swing.

This production has in Miss Pat Taylor a rising leading lady with a clear singing voice, a sense of style, and an attractive freshness of method which is ogle-proof; in Mr. Bernard Clifton a leading man whose confidence in his heroic equipment is justified, and who sings and smiles with experienced éclat; in Miss Bebe de Roland a ballerina who can circle the stage with the smooth ease of a teetotum, and arrive in the O.P. corner unruffled and on the dot.

The entourage is reinforced by clever Miss Elizabeth French and Mr. Richard Dolman. A burlesque of the can-can by the three musketeers pays a hearty compliment to Offenbach, and the concluding carnival is enlivened by speciality dancers whose cartwheels, costumes and gyrations would have been welcome at one of Trimalchio's less embarrassing At

Homes.



Carabana, the man with the violin, is played by Henry Norman

Sketches by Tom Titt



Archery is the favourite sport of this young artist. She takes it seriously, using a lethal-looking steel bow brought back from America

Actress — Archer — Artist

The Versatile Talents of Mary Morris Have Made Their Mark in Many Spheres

Black-haired Mary Morris is one of the most outstanding of the younger personalities of British stage and screen to-day. Her many talents might have brought her success in other spheres, but her heart is in the theatre. On the screen—in Undercover, the Pimpernel Smith, when she played opposite the late Leslie Howard, in Prison Without Bars and in The Thief of Bagdad—and on the stage in recent Arts Theatre productions, her acting won high praise from the critics. Such successes as she has had, however, are but preliminaries to the achievement of her lifelong ambition, which is to make her name as a theatrical producer

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Modernistic portraiture is a much-favoured side line. Here Mary puts the finishing touches to Anatole de Grunwald, film-writer and producer, whose Russian/French background is amusingly indicated by the Kremlin and a Paris Street



Mary Morris in a Thoughtful Mood



Another of her hobbies is a marionette theatre. Decor, costumes and even the puppets themselves are made by Mary Morris. Native tapestries cover the walls and floors of the studio, all souvenirs of travels in Mexico, South Sea Islands, Japan and Russia

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The King's Easter

H days' relaxation in the country over Easter with the Queen and his two daughters. Before he left London he had the Prime Minister to lunch, and the two of them sat for a long time in serious conversation. Another day, he drove with the Queen to the Admiralty and there, with a professional sailor's interested eye, the King saw a number of the Navy's latest secrets, and was able to talk to several senior officers who direct the activities of his Navy all over the Seven Seas. Their Majesties stayed to tea with the First Lord and Mrs. A. V. Alexander.

Their last pre-Easter engagement was the annual Maundy Service at Westminster Abbey, when the Royal Maundy is distributed to as many poor men and as many poor women as the King has years of age. Each of the recipients must be over sixty and each must, at some time or another, have paid either rates or taxes. Silver pence, specially minted

With Lord Grantley (right) at Staines Horse Show on Easter Monday was Gabriel Pascall, the well-known film producer. Lord Grantley was one of the stewards at the show

for the ceremony, again to the value of the number of the King's years, form only part of the Maundy gifts. The other part consists of ordinary money, notes and silver, in lieu of gifts of food and clothing which were formerly made at the Sovereign's expense.

Another R.A.F. Equerry

W/CDR. P. W. TOWNSEND has succeeded Capt. John Grant, D.S.O., R.N., as the King's "Active Service Equerry." His first duty was to attend the King at the Maundy Service. Capt. Grant, Commander of the famous Penelope on her historic Malta run, has made many friends at the Palace, and his slim figure and friendly smile have become familiar at Royal functions during the past couple of months. I gather, however, that, delightful as the Captain has found his stay at Buckingham Palace, like a true sailor he will not be at all displeased to exchange the comfort and spaciousness of the Royal home for the sometimes cramped and never luxurious quarters of a warship again. W/Cdr. Townsend is the second member of the R.A.F. to receive this honour; the first was W/Cdr. Pelly-Fry, D.S.O. At the end of their stay at the Palace, these officers retain the right to wear on their shoulder straps the much-prized and distinctive badge of personal service to His Majesty—the Royal Cipher surmounted with a tiny crown.

Easter Week in London

In spite of the shadow of pending events—perhaps because of it—Easter week was very gay, with lots of people about and the main topic of conversation ways and means of getting to Windsor for the opening of the "Flat" on Bank Holiday. At one restaurant Lady Penelope Herbert was dining in a party with Sir Francis Winnington, who lost an arm and was taken prisoner in France whilst serving with the Welsh Guards in 1940, was recently repatriated and looks remarkably cheerful; Mrs. Freddie Byass, whose most popular husband was such a good polo player and was commanding the 7th Hussars when he was killed in Africa, was with friends; Major



The Queen at a Sale

Over £1000 was raised for the Duchess of Northumberland's Spare-a-Trinket Fund for A.T.S. comforts by a sale in London. The organiser, Mrs. Brian Thursby-Pelham, showed Her Majesty some of the exhibits

the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood were dining together for what must have been one of her first outings since the birth of their son; Mrs. Archie Campbell, who still retains that charming and exciting aura of "stage," was there; also Miss Anthea Gordon, who in the daytime drives for the Americans, dining with Capt. Geoffrey Darell; Mrs. Donald Standage, who packs parcels for prisoners of war all day, having a good laugh with Michael Beary and his wife; and Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, "in two places" as they say in the Ring, for he was lunching at another restaurant—the Bagatelle—next day and talking to Lady Lambart, who breeds such nice, fast horses at her lovely place, Beauparc, in Meath. Her son, Sir Oliver Lambart, has now been invalided out of the Army, so will be able to help her run the stud. Ireland was well represented also by Capt. and Mrs. Dennis Eccles.

At the Ritz Lady Sykes, down from Sledmere to go racing at Windsor, was having a drink with Miss "Kick" Kennedy, daughter of the former American Ambascader to the

At the Ritz Lady Sykes, down from Sledmere to go racing at Windsor, was having a drink with Miss "Kick" Kennedy, daughter of the former American Ambassador to this country, now serving in the American Red Cross. She has started a weekly "Quiz" on the lines of the Brains Trust and gets Big

(Continued on page 74)







Staines Horse Show in Aid of the Commandos Benevolent Fund

W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato was a competitor in the Radford Cup event. His daughter, Diana, and her fiancé, W/Cdr. Derek Walker, D.F.C., were with him at the Show Above is Lady Weigall with Miss V. Churchill-Longman, one of the stewards. Mrs. R. E. Laycock was unfortunately prevented from coming to present the prizes, as was intended Four judges at the Show were Sir Archibald Weigall, Major Sandilands, Mr. P. Blackmore and Mr. Robert Murless

Growing Up

From Childhood to Girlhood; a Picture Record of Princess Elizabeth's Eighteen Years, in Which Her Sister, Princess Margaret Rose, Joins



1939

1940

1941



Working in London Miss Lavinia Loyd, elder daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Loyd, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Moyra Loyd, is working at the Foreign Office. She is a niece of the Earl of Midleton

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Brains to come and answer questions asked by members of the American Forces. These are immensely popular and very interesting questions come up.

Recent Wedding

A N interesting recent marriage was that of Miss Polly Peabody, American columnist and author of Occupied Territory, to Comte Albert de Mun, member of an old French family and recently arrived in England from France, which nowadays is saying something. In Occupied Territory Miss Peabody gave a wonderfully graphic description of her adventurous journey to England through thirteen Germanoccupied countries after the collapse of Norway, where she had gone with the American-Scandinavian Field Hospital, having raised £25,000 to start it. She arrived in Bristol on New Year's Eve 1941, and was surprised and rather reassured to notice that, in spite of the particularly savage raid in progress, everyone in the dining-room of the hotel at which she stayed was wearing a paper cap. She and her husband have known each other for twelve years, and with their combined talent for adventure should seldom have a dull moment,



Four People Dining Recently at the May Fair

Young-marrieds dining together were Capt. Oliver and Lady Margaret Dawnay. He is in the Coldstream Guards, and married the Earl of Glasgow's youngest daughter last February



Engaged to be Married Miss Daphne Margaret Clark, F.A.N.Y., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nowell Clark, is engaged to Lt. Henry Woods Woollaston, son of Sir Gerald Woollaston, Garter King of Arms, and Lady Woollaston

Lady Milburn, wife of Sir Leonard Milburn, and Major Paget were at another table. Her son, Lt. Rupert Milburn, was married in London early this month to Miss Anne Scott Murray

The Opening of the "Flat"

The Windsor executive put on a fine show to usher in the racing season "south of the Trent"—ten races and the winter favourite for the Derby, Orestes, who was, incidentally, beaten, which was sad for some, but added to the thrill of the day. Their enterprise was rewarded by the biggest crowd they've ever had, and even when the place was declared full and the gates shut, billowing crowds stormed the place, so that the officials had to relent and let in a few more thousands. As 50 per cent. of the takings go to the Treasury, the Government had a very profitable day, too.

Personally, I like this late start of the Flat caused by wartime restrictions. Comparing this year's April sunshine at Windsor to the March winds which usually seemed to whistle round the Carholm to greet us for the pre-war start of the season at Lincoln in March, I am all in favour of the new arrangement.

Sir Malcolm McAlpine was present to see his dip-backed but very fast filly Akepa win the first race, ridden by Michael Beary and trained by Victor Smyth at Epsom. Akepa was a hot favourite and got a big reception. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were in the paddock with the Earl of Carnarvon to watch the Duchess's much-fancied two-year-old filly, Belle Maison, saddled for the second race. The filly ran green though, and got beaten a short head by one of Mr. "Attie" Persse's "specials,"



Lord and Lady Rotherwick, of Tylney Hall, Basingstoke, at the marriage of their younger daughter, the Hon. Molly their younger daughter, the Hon. Molly Cayzer. Lord Rotherwick gave away the bride

a very smart young person called, deliciously, Goldbags. Miss Dorothy Paget, in her famous blue coat and hat, was another in the paddock before the race to see her two fillies, Bedroom Slipper and the Sloane filly, saddled. Miss Paget had a great disappointment later in the afternoon when her horse Orestes was beaten by The Solicitor in the Upper Sixpenny Stakes. The winner was owned last year by young Lord Porchester, the Earl of Carnarvon's son and heir, who is now serving with his regiment in Italy. He sold it to Mr. J. W. Boyle, the present owner, before he went overseas.

Among the Spectators

PRINCE BERNHARD, a keen racegoer, was one of the first people I saw; another young man was the Duke of Roxburghe, who was having his first day's racing in England for over three years, as he has been with his regiment in the Middle East since 1941, and has only recently returned to take up a staff job in London: Lord Willoughby de Broke, in his Air Force uniform, was accompanied by Lady Willoughby de Broke, who has not been racing very much since the war, as she is busy with all her war duties and the care of her young family in Warwickshire. Lady Willoughby de Broke has fallen for the short-hair fashion and now wears it curled and brushed up high. Lady Sykes, in navy blue with a halo beret on her red-gold hair, was lunching with Lord Stavordale, Mrs. Robin Wilson and Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall.

(Concluded on page 88)



Countess Jellicoe and Lady Madden were two guests at the wedding of Lt.-Col. Wyldbore Smith and the Hon, Molly Cayzer



Mrs. Walford brought her small daughter, Belinda, who was a bridesmaid, and the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell (the bride's sister) her sons, Brian, page at the wedding, and Richard

Married on April 1st

Lt.-Col. Wyldbore Smith and the Hon. Molly Cayzer, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Photographs by Swaebe



Lt.-Col. Francis Brian Wyldbore Smith, R.A., and the Hon. Molly Cayzer were photographed after their wedding with their child attendants, Belinda Walford, Charles James, Brian Hamilton-Russell and Sylvia Meade. The bridegroom is the younger son of the late Rev. W. R. Wyldbore Smith and of Mrs. Wyldbore Smith, of Berkswell, Warwickshire



Major and Mrs. B. Wilson went to the wedd. 2 reception held at 23, Knightsbridge



Lady Eltisley came with her daughter, the Hon. Lady Fox, and her granddaughter, Georgina Fox



Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Raymond Nicholl were with the Hon. Anthony Cayzer, brother of the bride



Mr. and Mrs. O'Rorke were in conversation with Col. J. H. Walford at the reception after the ceremony, at which the Colonel's small daughter was a bridesmaid



The bridegroom (centre) was photographed with his best man, Lt.-Col. G. P. Gregson, and other fellow-officers, including Gen. G. P. B. Roberts, Brig. B. J. Fowler, Major C. Armitage, Col. A. F. Ford and Col. J. A. Norman

Standing By

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

от Baconian breath is probably being breathed in large quantities down the backs of red-eyed Baconian cipheraddicts, crouching to spring, ever since Mr. Arthur Sanborn, of Boston, Mass., announced (so far unavailingly—that if Congress will give him £10,000 he will furnish "indisputable proof " of the authorship of the five best plays falsely attributed to William Shakespeare, the Stratford cad,

There's probably a Sanborn Cipher, contradicting the Bilateral. Ciphers are the thing. By means of a cipher Father Ronald Knox once proved conclusively that Queen Victoria wrote Tennyson's "In Memoriam," a shattering jeu d'esprit which however failed to shake Baconian assurance that Bacon wrote it. Our own theory, based on a cipher we are working on, derived from the Sonnets, is that Bacon not only wrote all Elizabethan and Jacobean literature but was the great bear Sackerson in disguise. By arrangement with Dusty Miller, potman at the Mermaid, and Mother Midnight, who kept the bagnio adjoining the Bear Garden on Bankside, Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor would hurry down after a heavy but profitable morning of pouching bribes, don skin and mask, and spend a refreshing afternoon worrying mastiffs. Tear 'im, Sackerson! Grrrr! Five to four the big feller. Don't forget the Old Firm, Bill Shakes of Stratford.

You knew Shakespeare was a pretty tough and successful business man, but did you know how he began? He was a bookie in the Silver Ring at Bankside, when not playing matinées next door. It 's all in our cipher.

Discipline

FTER that recent spiteful out-A burst—at this of all moments, when the lovely Mother of Western Civilisation lies with a dagger at her throat—Vesuvius seems to have quieted down in shame. The swift-est method of bringing Vesuvius to heel did not occur, apparently, to leading seismologists like Professor Guiseppe Imbo. We don't mind indicating it to help the science boys along.

Some time ago in Naples a chap we know saw a frightful woman

all over money giving Vesuvius the once-over. "Oh, but how unimportant!" she said at length loudly. He expected Vesuvius to boil up at once and spit flame for fifty miles. Vesuvius, numb and dazed, made no sign—not even the jettatore sign against the Evil Eye-and lay still, utterly cowed. Feeling somehow hurt and ashamed, our friend took up Vesuvius' defence. "Dear Lady Jane doesn't think so," he



"His mother was frightened by a bat"

murmured. The rich woman turned on him at once.

"Lady Jane who?"

(Here this chap smiled faintly and shrugged in surprise, conveying politely that the rich woman was evidently a pawnbroker's widow from Ealing. He then resumed:)

"Lady Jane is always so nice about volcanoes."

How very interesting!"

"I shall never forget her remark about some over-dressed people who were criticising Etna. typically parvenu attitude,' she called it.'

The rich woman gave him a murderous look, turned her back, and never glanced his way again. All right, Vesuvius, boy Next time.

Offering

HAUNTING bit of prose just released by A the Ministry of Supply is obviously (if Osbert Sitwell will agree) free verse, as Yeats demonstrated with Pater's high-toned piece on Monna Lisa. Listen:

The Control of Tins Cans Kegs Drums and Packaging Pails (No. 5) Order, 1942 (a), as varied by the Control of Tins Cans Kegs Drums and Packaging Pails (No. 6) Order,

the Control of Tins Cans Kegs Drums and Packaging Pails (No. 7) Order, 1942 (c), the Control of Tins Cans Kegs Drums and

Packaging Pails (No. 8) Order, 1942 (d), and the Control of Tins Cans Kegs Drums and Packaging Pails (No. 9) Order, 1942 (e),

is hereby further varied in the Third Schedule thereto

(which is printed at p. 2 of the printed [No. 6] Order),

in "Part II. Commodities Other than Food," by substituting

for the reference "2A" therein the reference "2A(I)," and by deleting there the reference Observe the subtle cadences, the austere opening fugue, the "dying fall" of the

(Concluded on page 78)



"All I said was- My dear, if you're short of a few coupons I can always let you have some "

Leisure Hours

The Chief of Bomber Command
Spends Time Off with His
Wife and Daughter

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, K.C.B., O.B.E., A.F.C., Commander-in-Chief, Bomber Command since 1942, is one of the busiest men in Britain—and to some purpose. His house in the country, within easy reach of Bomber Command Headquarters, is directly connected by telephone with the operations room, and when our bombers are out over enemy territory there is little sleep for the Air Chief-Marshal, who will be on the telephone to "ops" every hour. His leisure time, however, is spent with Lady Harris and his four-year-old daughter, Jacqueline; who does her best to keep her father amused



Sir Arthur and Lady Harris and Their Daughter



Jacqueline Exerts Her Charm on Her Father

Standing By ... (Continued)

octet, like starlight fading into dawn over Barclay's Bank. A second stanza, more Gongoresque, more mystical, forms the recapitulation and Coda. The poem is signed "H. J. Hutchinson, Under-Secretary." Félicitations, cher Maître.

Gambit

A DVISING an unhappy dumbo how to become the Life and Soul of the Party, one of the leading Fleet Street sobsisters had nothing very vital to impart. She seemed not to have heard of the Schlieffen Plan, on which we've dined out for years, the idol and chouchou of every smart hostess.

It goes like this:

You (as the woman on your right or left turns with that toothy smile): How exquisite you look tonight! Have you ever heard of the Schlieffen

She: No. Do tell me who that handsome

dark man is over there.

You: The Schlieffen Plan, approved for World War I and certified infallible, was broadly this. A force of 33 German Army Corps would invade Belgium, leaving one and a half corps in Lorraine. On September 1, 1914

(Here you raise your voice to a scream, so that

all other conversation stops, and continue:)
. the main force would occupy the line beville-St. Quentin-Aisne-Metz. The main Abbeville-St. Quentin-Aisne-Metz. The main French army would give battle on the line Verdun-Rheims-Laon-La Fère-Paris. The advancing German right wing would envelop it west of Paris, cut it off, and roll it back towards the Jura. It would then capitulate with its back to the Rhine. Meanwhile (etc., etc., etc.)

You need (a) a thick blue pencil to draw sectional battle-areas on the backs of the

women to right and left of you, first blowing off the powder, (b) some drawing-pins to pin the main operational maps (which you bring with you) on one or other of them, and (c) two servants behind your chair to hand protractors, dividers, compass, callipers, etc. Starting with the soup, your exposition of the Schlieffen Plan and its failure should end about an hour after your hostess has been taken up to bed.

Oath

ORGAN-PIPES are now being seized for munition purposes all over Germany and Austria, which may grieve the Royal College of Organists but is temporarily not an unmixed evil. Not a few organists are odious and trivial fellows, fit for the cinema. Some have sold themselves to the Devil.

Pride is their downfall. Having succumbed one day at practice to the temptation of inserting sweet little twiddly bits into the austere majesty of a plainsong mode such as the Dies Ira, organists find a beautiful woman smiling at them in the organ-loft. "That was lahvly, dear," she says.
"Now play me Biljwasser's
Warblings at Eve." She is of course a demon. A few nights later they are flying with her over the Royal College of Organists, Kensington Gore,

astride a black goat, amid demoniac laughter, on their way to a witches' Sabbat in Surrey. Here, having joined the backto-back dances and performed the Rite of the Infamous Kiss. they take a blood-oath to play as much frilly, sentimental stuff for organ, composed between 1830 and 1944, as possible. A demon called a "Little Master," very cruel and harassing, sees that they do this.

Foreign organists of the same kidney probably meet a worse fate, having less excuse. In the Archdiocese of Seville the music of Eslava is exempt and permitted at high festivals; we have never discovered why, for it is terribly frilly. Maybe it is part of the indulgence the Spaniards received after whacking the Turk and saving Europe at Lepanto. Even then . . .

Sadismus

UNTIE Times's ironfaced A bridge-fans are now concentrating, we observe, on " par contest hands," of which the Bridge Correspondent remarks that "the players realise they must keep on the alert all the time." Which means, we take it, that when worn out by exhaustion and pain they dare not drop off, as before, to sleep

between bouts, like a Tower prisoner in the hands of Master Topcliffe.

Dope seems the only thing to relieve and strengthen these victims, and we say it sympathetically. Shots of strychnine, for



"Buttresses, aren't they, Wardlaw?"



"Well, if you ask me, I think it's a Purple Emperor"

example, might be good. Or bhang, which makes the eyes red and produces homicida mania. Or marihuana, which expands every thing to fantastic size. ("Fifty thousand billion No Spades, and let my eighteen two

headed partners try doubling that!") Or laudanum, which brings brilliant illusions of pagodas and minarets. To hel with you and your clubs, Major Foghorn, I am Grace Darling I mean Wendy, and I am about to fly out of yonder open window to the Never-Never Land, where Peter Porcupine awaits me, I mean Peter Robinson, I mean Debenham and Freebody, so goodbye for ever rnever rnever rnever.

Key

N ONE of the obituaries of Stephen Leacock pointed out the reason why this master of hilarity was able to keep the fooling up with such verve and zing right to the end. It was because he was a Professor of Economics. Many pages of The Economist, one of our favourite light weeklies, might be the work of Wilde or Sacha Guitry or Dorothy Parker or Leacock himself. One of Leacock's last pieces, in fact, might have been an Economist Fun Page article -the one in which Leacock proved by the Theory of Probabilities and a wealth of figures that the organist in "The Lost Chord" was a sap for announcing sadly that he would never strike that particular chord again, maybe, except in Heaven, where (like most F.R.C.O.'s) he seemed to assume he was going.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



George, tenth Duke of Bristol (Clive Brook), and his friend Richard (Roland Culver) find housekeeping without servants a tiresome experiment. Their behaviour is an eyeopener to the wealthy but practical Maria (Beatrice Lillie)

Lonsdale Comedy Revived

Beatrice Lillie with Clive Brook in the Edwardian Shocker "On Approval"

Actor Clive Brook makes his debut as producer and director in this adaptation of the Frederick Lonsdale comedy On Approval. He has chosen his cast well. He himself takes the part of George, Duke of Bristol, with Beatrice Lillie as Maria Wislack, Googie Withers as Helen Hale and Roland Culver as Richard Halton. The film—now at the Leicester Square Theatre—should be as widely popular as was the play on its first presentation to a mildly shocked London in 1927



George, influenced, it must be confessed, by financial necessity, offers Helen (Google Withers) the honour of becoming the Duchess of Bristol



George and Maria Do Their Party Piece



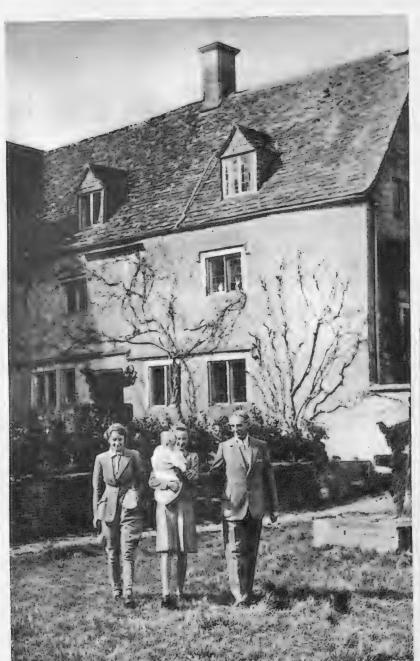
Helen and Richard Learn the Art of Shopping

Noted Author's H

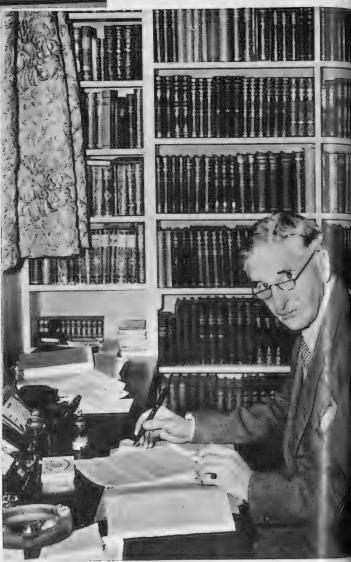
Mr. Michael Sadleir, Authat Lower



The Sadleir collection of Victorian railway novels ("yellow backs"), published between 1855 and 1895 at an average of 2s. each, is world-famous



Three Generations in the Garden

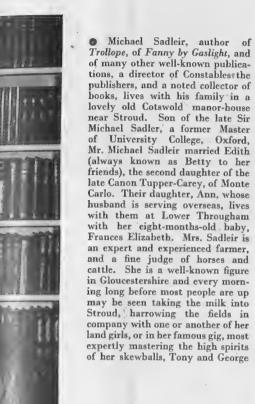




Lower Througham is a Fine Example of Cotswold Archive

e in the Cotswolds

nd Publisher, with His Family ngham, Stroud

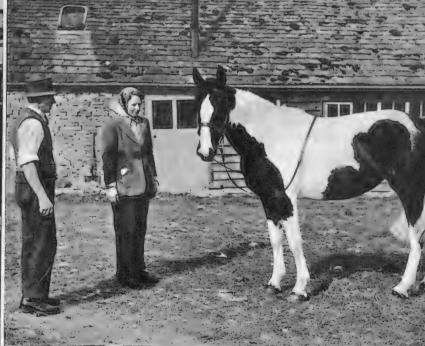


Left: Much of Mr. Sadleir's work is done in the book-lined writing-room

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sadleir with their daughter, Ann (now Mrs. Miles Hornby), and granddaughter, Frances Elizabeth Hornby







A Land Girl and the Herdsman Look After the Jerseys

Mrs. Sadleir with the Groom and One of Her Famous Skewballs



Britain's No. 1 Pin-up Girl

Polly Ward is the Soldiers' Choice

British soldiers are to have a "pin-up" girl of their own. Luscious American beauties who have hitherto held pride of place in the billets and hutments of the British Army are likely to be replaced by lovely Polly Ward. She is already well known to the forces for her weekly broadcasts and hundreds of letters come in from our men overseas each week asking for a photograph. Polly may be seen on the London stage again very shortly. She and her husband, advertising expert Richard S. Freeman, who has recently returned from America, are thinking of putting on The Naked Genius—latest work of former burlesque queen Gipsy Rose Lee—which, in spite of a poor send-off on Broadway as far as the critics were concerned, confounded the experts and caught the public's fancy

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"



Opening of the Flat-Racing Season

The Bank Holiday meeting at Windsor was attended by large crowds, many people coming by bicycle, river and on foot. The afternoon's big event, the Upper Sixpenny Stakes, was won by Mr. J. W. Boyle's The Solicitor from Miss D. Paget's Orestes, the winter Derby favourite, with Mr. V. Oliver's Treasury third. Above, the finish of the race

Betting Barometer

T is a very sensitive instrument when applied to racing, and quite often rises or falls for no apparent reason! For instance, fore anything had happened at either indsor or Stockton, both Easter Monday tures (April 10th), and much longer before example to the commarket, there were a few little variations inch did not seem to be quite accountable view of the great improbability of there wing been any appreciable weight of antest money on such minor events as were set down for decision. For the Two lousand between March 6th and March 20th estes hardened from 5—1 to 9—2, Happy anding went out from 8—1 to 9—1, and for Derby Rockefella hardened from 20—1 14—1; for the One Thousand Lady Wyn trened from 25—1 to 20—1, and for the Caks Fair Fame lengthened from 6—1 to 7—1, alst Lady Wyn's price expanded from 33—1 to 40—1. Surely this must be all just opinion

without any argument to back it? There were no fresh facts!

In the Air

The incidence of the Easter Holidays, coupled with the voracity of the printers, leave me personally in the same nebulous position as the saintly Mahommet's coffin, since anything I might have wanted to say about Windsor or Stockton was smothered by the fact that it had to be reduced to printer's ink by April 6th in order to see the light of day on the 19th, and that as regards Newmarket (April 18th) it was similarly difficult, for I was bound to miss the bus. It is a hard life for the wishful! At the risk of having been proved quite wrong, I think Orestes must have won his race at Windsor and The Solicitor may have run into a place, but, anyway, I do not think that either Windsor or Stockton can be very informative other than as an assurance of general well-being. Newmarket on the 18th

may well have been different if such leading characters as Effervescence, Fair Fame, Fair Glint, Model, Lord Rosebery's very nice filly, and Happy Landing were started. Any of them may have won, and if Effervescence did, I expect he may challenge Orestes for favouritism in the Guineas, but personally I do not see why he should have finished in front of Fair Glint, even though the latter is not as big as many of the things that we used to see playing polo. Some of those were 16 hands, and Fair Glint is nowhere near that. He is better bred to stay than anything in any of the classic races of 1944. All these recent races were, nevertheless, only just pipeopeners. (P.S. Stop press information: The Solicitor (rec. 5 lbs.) beat Orestes in a falsely run race by a neck).

The French Breeding System

THE Jument Base system in which the French breeders of racing bloodstock believe, is, in its main essential, very like (Continued on page 84)



On Leave in London

Lt.-Cdr. Roy Baker-Faulkner, D.S.C., Fleet Air Arm, leader of the Barracuda attack on the German battleship Tirpitz, was photographed with his wife in London, en route for a short leave in Devon



The Duke Opens an Exhibition

The Duke of Gloucester opened the R.A.F. Art Exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery. He was received by Air Marshal Sir Peter Drummond, Air Member for Training, who presided at the ceremony. The exhibits include the work of all ranks of the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F., and some members of the Polish and Czech Air Forces



An Air Marshal Artist

Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill, who commands the Air Defence of Great Britain, was an exhibitor at the R.A.F. Exhibition. He is seen with his picture, "Achtung — Spitfire in Action." He had previously presented it to Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who loaned it to the exhibition

Pictures in the tire

(Continued)

Bruce-Lowe's conception. They base it upon what they call "established" mares, and I list what they call "established" mares, and I list you the first nine: (1) Cobweb, dam of Bay Middleton, (2) Miss Letty, (3) Crucifix, (4) Mendicant, (5) Beeswing, (6) Alice Hawthorn, (7) Blink Benny, (8) Princess of Wales and (9) Spinaway. Others whom they consider "established" are Agnes; Ellen Horne, grand dam of Bend Or; Pocahontas, dam of Stockwell; Queen Mary, dam of Hampton; Lady Moore Carew; Enigma; Seclusion, dam of Hermit; Martha Lynn, dam of Voltigeur, whence St. Simon. The French, of course, have made a considerable success of breeding. have made a considerable success of breeding, but the fact that there are not the same phosphates in their grass as there are in ours will remain constant for all time. The grass



Ski-ing in Maryland, U.S.A.

Prince Harald, young son of Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha of Norway, celebrated his seventh birthday by trying out his new skis on the Maryland estate of his parents

of Mr. De Valera's adopted country must also be included. Reference to this French system was untimely cut off in a recent issue.

Bad News for Bad Men

THE recent announcement by the Deputy Prime Minister, coming as it did so close upon an early morning occurrence in Pentonville Prison, in which a technically British subject was the central figure, must have given the many others of the same kidney a given the many others of the same kidney a cold feeling in the stomach. Mr. Attlee said that all these persons would be dealt with under the procedure of the British Criminal Law. One of them, "Wilhelm Fröhlich," anglice William Joyce, unpopularly known as "Lord Haw-Haw," will no doubt make strenuous efforts to evade facing a British Laba and introduced that he became Judge and jury on the ground that he became a German citizen shortly after leaving that peculiar organisation, the British Union of Fascists, in 1937. It is doubtful whether this plea will avail him, since there is abundant proof of acts between 1937 and 1939 which will enmesh him. It may well be that the Competent Authority has further and ample evidence of his malfeasances when he ran his own National Socialist League, which he started because he could not see eye to eye upon some matters of organisation in the Mosley concern. Wilhelm Fröhlich, however, is certain to play up his German nationality for all that it is worth. It is submitted that its value as a neck-saver is exactly nil.



Colonel J. G. Hall, by Olive Snell

Col. James G. Hall, from Texas, first commissioned in 1917, served as a combat pilot in France. Recommissioned in 1942 as a Major in the U.S. Army Air Corps, he brought his squadron to England that year, later commanding a group. He is now in Washington as Staff Officer in charge of Photographic Reconnaissance

Some Others

Where others of these gentry are con-cerned, ex-Captain Baillie-Stewart, one of the few soldiers we do not salute, and Jack Trevor, alleged to be an actor, it is probable that both, like Joyce, have acquired German nationality, if they have been permitted so to do, but the same argument applies, for in the case of the former, he committed further acts of treason immediately after the offence for which he was punished in England, and so the doctrine "Nemo debet bis vexari und et eâdem causâ" cannot apply. Baillie-Stewart's flight to Germany with his German siren is, in itself, ample condemnation, and there is this further, that he cannot have immediately acquired German citizenship. There is another broadcaster, a literary light, whose position may be somewhat uncomfortable. I think,



A Flying Sailor

Capt. W. P. McCarthy, coming straight from a sea appointment to command a R.N. air station with the view "that if I am to command flying personnel I should be able to fly," learnt to fly solo after 6 hours 55 minutes

however, that we can safely leave these persons to learned Counsel for the Treasury. As to the "Americans," Friedrich Kaltenbach, E. L. Delaney, Constance Drexel, and a few more, Uncle Sam is not likely to permit them to escape. All these persons are but a mere sprinkling of a German organisation which is world-wide. Let us hope that ere long, and before the day of final reckoning arrives, the present meagre bag will be very materially increased. In the meanwhile it seems a bit imprudent not to deal forthwith with all those persons who are in our midst, many of whom are masquerading under English names.

Collateral · Form

I KNEW that strikes had been breaking out I periodically [in 1915 in New York] on account of wage demands, but that they did not last long because they were not sanctioned by the Unions. . . . An idea occurred to me which struck me at first as being fantastic, and that was to found my own union. A union which was properly registered could proclaim a legal strike and the law could not interfere. If, in addition, we could pay strike benefits, it might be possible to achieve something, and I certainly had the money to do so I "—KAPITĀN-LEUTNANT VON RINTELEN in "The Dark Invader," p. 108.



Beaumont College Rugby Team

Beaumont College has had a successful season, defeating a Scots Guards XV., the Public School Wanderers and Eton, when this photograph was taken. On ground: A. Leakey, C. B. Henry. Sitting: D. Duncombe, J. MacSwiney, M. B. D. Devine (captain), J. C. Mathew, T. McEltham. Standing: D. Ryan, P. Hayes, D. Anstee, R. Parsons, R. Condie, W. Holland, J. Keaghley, F. A. Glanfield

A Wedding and Three Christenings



Wedding Ceremony in Roxburghshire



Lady Angela Dawnay brought her son, Charles, to the Bishop— Paton wedding, and Lady William Scott had her eldest daughter, Margaret, with her



The Countess of Ellesmere and her youngest daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, left the church together after the wedding of Capt. Bishop and Miss Paton

Left: Capt. H. O. M. Bishop, 12th Royal Lancers, and Miss Clayre Susan Paton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paton, of Whitehills, St. Boswells, were married at Holy Trinity, Melrose, Roxburghshire. They are seen after the ceremony with Lady George Scott (sister of the bridegroom) and Major Lord George Scott, who was best man



Family Party Wrate, Skegness



House of Commons Christening
The youngest son of Major Charles Taylor, M.P., and
Mrs. Taylor was christened Jonathan Jeremy Kirwan, in
the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. His small
brothers were present with their parents at the ceremony

Right: Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. J. A. M. du Port are seen in this picture with their baby daughter, Sarah Laird Melvill du Port. Mrs. du Port is the only daughter of Surg.-Capt. A. S. Paterson, R.N., and Mrs. Paterson



Christening Party in Berkshire

In this group, taken after the christening at St. Peter's, Winkfield, of David Wallace, son of Lt. and Mrs. J. Wallace, are Capt. and Mrs. Michael Stewart and their daughter, Carolyn; Major Perkins, Miss Penelope Henderson, Lt. McVivian Wallace, Mrs. J. Wallace and the baby, and Lt. J. Wallace

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

In the Making

OVELS about the Navy, in this war, have been surprisingly few—or is this surprising?—novels on a big subject take to write. C. S. Forester's The Ship, of more than a year ago, set a high standard: few of the many who read it can have forgotten it. Since then, there has been a pause: now, however, comes forward J. P. W. Mallalieu new to the Navy but not to fiction: his Rats! and Passed to You, Please have been two recent best-sellers. Here we have what is wanted these days—a man who not only writes about what he knows, but writes in such a way as to make us know it. He wields an unafraid and potentially dangerous pen: the war machine and the Civil Service may be glad Mr. Mallalieu has laid off them; they no doubt wished the Navy joy of its new recruit. The Navy, however, had less to fear. Very Ordinary Seaman (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), for several reasons, will give the ordinary British civilian reader something to think about. But it cannot fail to increase his pride in his Navy.

Very Ordinary Seaman is based on its author's own experiences, during five months' naval training and four and a half months at sea in a destroyer which helped to run the largest convoy ever sent to Russia safely to Murmansk through the heaviest torpedo-bombing attack of the war. The events in it are real, the characters to whom they happen imaginary. We follow the evolution of six civilians—very civilian civilians, at the beginning—into seamen in action: action they do not all survive. The central one of this group of six (though by no means the novel's hero, in any obtrusive sense) is Williams, an ex-

journalist. He, as the most articulate (at least inwardly, in the sense of putting his thoughts and impressions into words), the most observant and most critical of the six, serves as a sort of eye-piece through which the rest, and what is happening to them, are seen. In some ways, Williams is at a disadvantage: he is older than the others; he has a higher standard of living, and taste and ambition, as well as habit, attach him to the life he has left behind. As against this, he has objective curiosity; he is not touchy (or, in-clined to feel put upon), and he has widish terms of comparison. Short he'is an educated man. Shortly,

The five others, with whom, on the day of their joining-up, Williams travels by train from Waterloo to the training base, are of all types and come from all sorts of homes. Their reactions to new experience, and most of all to discipline, are as different as they are, in each case, characteristic-for as characters, thanks to Mr. Mallalieu's straightforward and apparently artless pen, all do, without any delay, emerge.

The Test

VERY ORDINARY SEA-MAN" might be called a study of emergence. For

Redfern, Taylor, Holt, Price and Jackie Low do not remain as we see them (or as Williams sees them for us) in the first chapter: they change-and he feels himself changing with No, but strictly they do not change: they become themselves. At the start, these six are the creatures, the products of a competitive society, from which they have carried over acquired prejudices, habits, catchwords, animosities and fears. Their idea of freedom has, roughly speaking, been to get the best they can, and the most they can, for them-selves. From this point of view—if they do not lose it-life in the Navy must be a dead loss.

The six, on the day they report at the training base, exchange the competitive, or civilian, society, which has made them what they have so far been, for the co-operative life of the Service, which is to make them—what? The fundamental difference between the two is to appear gradually. Many knocks are taken. Discipline—and, still more, the impossibility of questioning it—is felt for the first time. It must either make them or break them. That The fundamental difference between the two it makes them, how it makes them, and what, is shown before Very Ordinary Seaman reaches its end.

The novel is a masterpiece of unostentatious, good construction. The first half, about the training, moves deliberately slowly, and is built up of detail. Small events, trivial clashes, loom large in the intensified, one-ideaed world of the training base. This first half, in fact, of the training base. This first half, in fact, is not unlike a school story. Action, with the cumulative feeling behind it, is reserved for the second half—in the *Marsden*. Soberly, I believe it impossible that accounts of action,



Miss C. V. Wedgwood, literary editor of "Time and Tide," whose biography, "William the Silent," has just been published, is the daughter of Sir Ralph Wedgwood, Bt., and a member of the family of famous Staffordshire potters. Lawson Gowing painted this portrait. "William the Silent," a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and liberator of Holland from Spanish tyranny, is an ancestor of the present Queen of the Nether. is an ancestor of the present Queen of the Nether-lands and of our own King. The song composed for his underground movement nearly 400 years ago remains the Dutch National Anthem of to-day

from the seaman's point of view, could be better given. Reviewers too lightly say that books leave them breathless—the last chapters of Very Ordinary Seaman did leave me breathless; and, also, feeling that we have known too little.

This novel is purely masculine, and, of course, very tough.

I make [says Mr. Mallalieu] no apology to readers about the bad, language in the book, but I do make one to my shipmates. Though I have tried to give an accurate account of life on the lower deck of a destroyer, I have not been allowed to carry realism to the extent of printing some of the words which were constantly used there. I have had to substitute words which no seaman would deign to use, but which seem preferable to blanks.

In other ways, the picture is as accurate as my limited experience and ability can make it.

"I adjure you, reader," says Mr. Agate, "not to swallow Take it to Bed at a gulp, but to savour it a page at a time as you would a wine, and so get the measure of its body and bouquet. Unless, of course, you have no palate and no nose, in which case you do not deserve a bed."

Take it to Bed (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Agate's godchild. It was Mr. Agate's idea that a collection of D. B. Wyndham Lewis's contributions to THE TATLER and BYSTAN DER should be made; it was he who chose the extracts and has written (Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE-

TNTO the field below my window a very young sheepdog has rushed,

to practise his new profession. The moment he appeared the sheep dashed helter-skelter into a neighbouring en-closure, as is the way of sheep. Balked by this, the dog turned his attention to some young cows. The result was disastrous, breaking every rule of the game. They stood their ground; they even advanced upon the dictator. In vain he performed every trick he had been taught. Instead of fleeing from his fury, the cows began to put the dog to flight. I never saw a sheepdog so bewildered. Barking, he backed-backed towards the gap in the hedge through which the sheep had skedaddled. He had played the game

as he had been taught it-and lost. I felt a certain sympathy for him. In the days of my youth, and much later, I remember the dreadful moments when I began to realise that my attack, usually an ingratiating one, had failed; yet the earth would not open to swallow me up, and somehow or other I had to make a forced exit, tempered by a last stand of dignity. I know few things more psychologically "winding" than to give what you hoped was your best, only to realise that your performance is execrable, though, as such, brilliant.

I suppose I am really one of those innately shy people who, if they don't strike a responsive note at once, missfire completely and just flop. For shyness takes on a multitude of forms, each one

By Richard King an inner torment to the sufferer. The least dreadful, perhaps, is to remain

dumb. The more embarrassing-a crescendo of loquacity. Some laugh im-moderately; others shuffle their feet, or knock something over, or drop things, or fiddle about with their hands, or maddeningly agree with all you say.

Fortunately, shyness is not so common as it was in Victorian and Edwardian times, when merely to be young was to be patronised or ignored, and the effect of either remained for years afterwards. Youth has become almost boringly cocksure. Diffidence is a quality almost unknown; respect for Age, as Age, is nowadays only recognised by the Aged. Uncles and aunts are definitely not what they were, and grandmothers are expected to make their own funeral arrangements, metaphorically speaking. Parents are only accorded authority on sufferance; they had better mind their

I recently heard two charming girls tell their still young mother that her ideas were completely back-numbered, definitely pre-Flood. She took it lying down. In their discussion concerning a brand-new world she had refused to see Red. When I remarked that those who see Red are remarkably like sheep, all unthinkingly rushing in the same direction, I too risked becoming contemporary with Noah. Then I remembered the "barks" which drove me hither and thither in my own youth, and I refrained from adding more.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Norris - Kennedy

Lt. R. E. Norris, 13/18th Royal Hussars, only child of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Norris, of Wildens, Billingshurst, Sussex, and Miss Valerie Kennedy, only child of Capt. M. C. Kennedy and of Mrs. Wilfred Davies, of Manor Farm, Binfield, Berks., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Oldham - Royle

Lt. David G. R. Oldham, The Seaforth Highlanders, elder son of Capt. and Mrs. Redvers, Oldham, of Birchwood, Sunningdale, Berks. married Miss Penelope B. Royle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot C. Royle, of Great Coopers Farm, Takeley, Essex, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Milburn — Scott Murray

Murray

Capt. Rupert L. E.
Milburn, The Royal
Scots Greys, younger
son of Sir Leonard
and Lady Milburn,
and Miss Anne Scott
Murray, daughter of
the late Major Austin
Scott Murray and of
Mrs. Scott Murray
of Heckfield Place,
Basingstoke, were
married at St. James's,
Spanish Place



Elliot - Mulholland

Right: Capt. John W. O. Elliot, Scots Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Elliot, of Longthorpe House, Peterborough, married Miss Mary Norah Mulholland, elder daughter of the Hon. John and Mrs. Mulholland, of Langhurst Manor, Chiddingfold, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Barran -Macaskie

Mr. David Haven Barran, youngest son of Sir John Barran, Bt., of Sawley Hall, Ripon, Yorks., and of the late Lady Barran, and Miss Jane Lechmere Macaskie, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Macaskie, of 27, Kensington Square, W., were married at the Chapel of the Convent of the Assumption, Kensington Square



Raynsford - Dunn

Capt. Wyvill John Macdonald Raynsford, Northamptonshire Yeomanry, younger son of Li. Col. and Mrs. R. M. Raynsford, of Milton Manor, Northampton, married Miss Patricia Dunn, only daughter of Capt. N. W. Dunn, of Gatewen Hall, Wrexham, and of Mrs. Leigh Goode, at St. George's Hanover Square

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 74)

Still More Spectators

I RELAND was represented by Miss Deidre de Burgh, who is nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital and also had an interest in the Irish National, as her father sold Prince Blackthorne only a fortnight ago to Lord Bicester; Miss Anne Poë, A.T.S., who's a bad one to beat in Kilkenny; Miss Nancy Sullivan, also A.T.S., and also very fond of a hunt; and Major Geoffrey Brooke and Major John Alexander (whose wife, "Pug," is keeping on the Limerick Hounds for another season after all), who work in happy unison on the Army Claims job.

Others seen were Capt. and Mrs. Jack Dennis (he's been invalided out and is now farming); Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe, wearing lovely orchids; Lord Lovat, talking to Lady Petre and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Byass; Lady Broughton, whom one was very glad to see racing again after a long absence; Miss Joy Post, who has come over from Ireland to work with the American Red Cross; Mrs. Vlasto, who brought her grandson, Mr. Peter Vlasto; Major Dermot Daly, who escaped from Italy last autumn, and his wife; Lord George Scott and Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin, searching for winners; Major "Bill" O'Bryen, who puts on such good plays and is married to Elizabeth Allan; Brig.-Gen. Charles Lambton's very good-looking daughter, Mrs. "Bill" Williams, whose charming husband was, so sadly, killed; Mr. Bud Flanagan, recovered from his attack of grease-paint poisoning; jolly Harry Steel, radiant at the success of his meeting; Col. Wright, who is Airborne, just back from Italy, and whose wife is a daughter of the late Mr. Albert Lowrey, owner of the great Bachelor's Double, who figures so prominently in the pedigrees of many winners nowadays, and breeder of Hornet's Beauty, the only animal ever to win three times at the same meeting at Ascot; Sir William Cooke, who owned Hornet's Beauty and, more recently, sold Happy Landing; the Hon. Mrs. Clive Graham and Lady Jean Christie, in different shades of red; Sir Richard Cruise, who was eye specialist to King George V., and who used to win point-to-points and went hunting zestfully with the Whaddon Chase; Lady Jane Nelson, wearing an Armoured Corps beret; Mr. Charles Stuart-Brown, who lost his sight a few years ago, decided to take up bloodstock breeding to give himself an interest, bred the very smart Coroado Grey, and came all the way from Scotland to see him run; Grand National winners Fulke Walwyn, Jack Anthony and Frank Furlong, who is now a test pilot after an adventurous and distinguished spell in the Fleet Air Arm.

Sailors' Day

Mrs. A. V. Alexander's Flag Day for Sailors was given a wonderful send-off by a party at the Hungaria given by Mr. Eric Hale, Chairman of Dorland Advertising, Ltd., whose sailor son was until recently a Lieutenant in H.M.S. Weston, the ship adopted by the First Lord and Mrs. Alexander. More than two thousand pounds was raised; all sorts of exciting and "rare" things being auctioned to benefit the Fund. Bud Flanagan, Chesney Allen and Bebe Daniels were among the auctioneers; £65 was raised for some eggs; £100 for silk stockings and £450 for a Pocket Radio. In Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hale's party were Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Alexander; Mrs. Everson; Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson; Lady Duncan; Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham; Sir Alexander Korda, Miss Joy Snell, Commander Ronald Hardy, and Miss Caroline Haslett.



Auction for Sailors at the Hungaria

This life-size doll, raffled at the Hungaria Restaurant in aid of the London and Home Counties Day for Sailors, was eventually purchased by Mr. J. Frew, chairman of the Hungaria, for £50, and afterwards presented to Mrs. A. V. Alexander, who is seen here holding it. Vechi, the well-known restauranteur, is standing beside Mrs. Alexander

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

the Foreword. For me to make any gesture of introduction between D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Tatler and Bystander readers would be more than silly; it would make me look like a lunatic. Enough that I should let you know what you may, again, know already—for good news travels fast—that D. B. Wyndham Lewis has been caught between book-covers, in which form he is permanently possessable, keepable in a shelf, and that those agonising good-byes to his paragraphs—when morality bid one pass on one's Tatler and Bystander to the impatient friend, the hospital or the post abroad—were not, after all, so final as one had feared. You may, of course, have compiled, by means of a scrap-book, a personal D. B. Wyndham Lewis anthology—a practice as well-advised as it is selfish, but can one really be unselfish all the time? In that case, you will have the interest of comparing Mr. Agate's selection with your own.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis should correct, for the eyes of a jealous world, the idea that the Island Race no longer puts out wits. If fewer, our wits are higher-powered than ever. They like the Race as much as they ever did, which is to say, not very much. And it is remarkable, really, how much the Race will stand from them—while this remains true, we are not yet shutting up shop. From my rather close research through Take it to Bed, I infer Mr. Wyndham Lewis has received only two letters of protest—one as to the frigidity of County cricketers (from the brother of a young lady who was engaged to one), the other on the subject of his suggestion as to what to do with dear little actresses. As to whether the ladies love Mr. Wyndham Lewis as dearly as he loves them, I can produce no documents whatsoever. His position in the matter is irreproachable: he is, as he rightly says, "always interested, kindly but objectively, in women, their markings, song, habits, prevention and cure."

For the Island Race he seeks no prevention, and does not expect a cure. He considers it a real error to drop out Landseer:—

To treat the greatest Victorian portraitist thus seems to us deplorable. Nobody has ever interpreted the Island Pan in all its mournful beauty and dumb nobility, snorting defiance at pursuers, more forcibly than the painter of George Eliot at bay, sometimes called, "The Monarch of the Glen." Nobody has ever painted the Race's doggie soulmates and spiritual directors with such apocalyptic, El Grecoesque vision. That huge, dignified, mournful-eyed Newfoundland licking the sweet old lady in "Down, Ponto, Down!" claimed by Ruskin to represent Cobden bidding farewell to a Manchester Liberal night-club queen, is a finer canvas to us than Rosa Bonheur's over-praised portrait group of the M.C.C., sometimes called "The Horse Fair," showing the behinds of British cricket notabilities in restive mood.

London seemed swarming with typical Landseer subjects as we stepped out into Green Street, the air full of neighings and snorts and wuffle-wuffles.

If asked to place the national drinks of the Island Race in order of popularity, he would say: "(r) patent medicines; (2) tea; (3) beer, sort of."... Auntie Times, "that tactless, overbearing, beaky, bombazine-gowned, managing old dope," dumb chums, the cuckoo racket, the booksy boys and girls, the Brains Trust ("Huxley's Hoplites"), dear little actresses, Dr. Watson (demonstrably, permanently plastered), County cricketers and their habits, and some useful notes on frustration (topped by the Brontë sisters' regular practice of bicycling tandem round the bathroom of one of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's less fortunate friends) are to be sought, and found, here Mr. Wyndham Lewis is one of the few agreeable among the many terrors of modern life.

A Heady Business

In All Change Here (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.) we found the Race surveyed, this time by J. W. Drawbell, with a less satirical and more hopeful eye, at a moment when one feels really bound to respect it. He has photographed (verbally, let me be clear), a succession of different British faces in the act, at the moment, of waking. "It seemed to me that as we emerged from the drearier period of the war, the minds of people opened up. A whole nation shook itself from a heavy and disagreeable sleep, and stood blinking in the sunshine.

People could actually look ahead again! It was a heady business.

Now tongues began to wag, ideas took shape, dreams and longings came out into the open."

On the strength of the feeling that this has happened, Mr. Drawbell has collected, into All Change Here, his jotted-down odd notes of conversations, of incidents, of trends of thought. In this book about people—some famous, some still obscure—he has attempted to capture Britain's awaking mood.

I admire Mr. Drawbell's capacity for admiration—already shown in his study of Dorothy Thompson's English Journey. As a well-known

I admire Mr. Drawbell's capacity for admiration—already shown in his study of Dorothy Thompson's English Journey. As a well-known newspaper editor, he has had the opportunity of seeing all sides of life I do not, I fear, share his sympathy with the general wagging of tongues. My own feeling is that we should do well if ideas were fewer but better, and rather less freely aired. I don't, of course, advocate censorship or repression, merely harder and longer thinking before speech, and, possibly, a little more modesty. However, talk is a form of exercise, it is (within limits) healthy, and it is fun. At the moment, it takes the place of pleasures we have not got. . . . Mr. Drawbell, from a number of starting-points, continues to reflect on lines of thought of his own, raising, and leaving open, various questions that we might like to answer for ourselves.



t is probable that the ceremonial drinking of healths is
derived from the Greco-Roman
custom of pouring libations to
the gods. A more sophisticated
age introduced the drinking
to living personages. But it
must not be supposed that in
classical days it was the gods
alone who enjoyed themselves.
Horace found it necessary to
chide the over indulgent with

"Hush friends, O cease Your impious clamour; and for peace Keep elbows resting still."

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NEGRO handyman told abulous stories of his "adventures" in coloural superlatives. When he felt good he felt "hoppier den a frog's hind legs," and when he was mad he was "madder den a bee what's stung hisself by mistake. Once in telling of a graveyard adventure, he cast around for the proper metapho to impress his hearers with his fright.

"You know how sca'ed Ah was?" he demanded. "Ah was so sca'ed dat her mornin' when de sun come up blame if Ah hadn't gone an'—"

"You, Jackson!" snorted one of his listeners, "I suppose you gonna say you was so scared you turned white!"

Jackson drew himself up with dignity. "Of c'se Ah hadn' turned white," h said, "But mah shadow had."

The junior reporter on the paper had been waiting for a long time to be sen out on a job, and at last he was told to report a wedding. But no story can

"What about that wedding story?" thundered the news editor.

"Oh, there was nothing to report," replied the young man, airily. "The bridgeroom was killed in a car smash a few yards from the church, and the briddied of shock. So as there was no wedding I just went home."



"New" Shakespeare at Stratford

Once more the Shakespeare Festival is at Strat-ford, this time under the new director, Mr. Robert Atkins. Mr. Atkins has had the apron stage of the Memorial Theatre raised to the level of the main stage in order to create as "intimate" an atmosphere as possible. A realistic "As You Like It" and an Elizabethan "Hamlet" are among the productions. Above, Anthony Eustral (Petruchio) and Patricia Jessel (Katharina) are (Petruchio) and Patricia Jessel (Katharina) are seen in a rehearsal of "The Taming of the Shrew" "You'll never believe it she replied indignand "He actually had to nerve to ask me to lend him five shillings so that he could take another girl

One of the best storic being told inside Germany is about a man w stands for hours in a queu waiting to buy some cloth at a local store, and the queue doesn't get any shorte

Suddenly he goes wild with rage and shouts: "Queun queues, queues all the time Who is to blame? It Hitler! I will go and is him!"

He rushes off, and after great difficulty finds Hitler house. Of course, there's queue there, too.

THE car pulled up at the seaside hotel and and man descended.

" My doctor advises me stay where the south with blows continually," he sa to the manager.
"You are very ortun

to have stopped at exact the right place. The sea the right place. The so wind always blows here said the manager.

The old man caised moistened finger in the a "Always?" he querie "Always?" he queried

to be coming from the nor just now."
"You're right, sir," sethe manager. "It's on the the manager. way back."

Two girls were chatting over a cup of coffee.
"What did Jim say who you told him you would a sister to him?"

The other girl flushed.

the pictures!

A small boy came crying up to his teacher to complain that another boy $^{\rm lo}$ stolen his apple. "Bobby," said the teacher, sadly, "you know that you have broken the Eight

Commandment by stealing John's apple?"

"Well, miss," replied the unrepentant boy, "I thought I might just as we break the eighth and have the apple as break the tenth and covet it."

HERE!" said the angry customer, entering the outfitter's shop. "You know that coat you sold me yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," cooed the tailor. "Real bargain that was—and a perfect fit "Huh! When I put it on and buttoned it up it split all down the back."

"Well," said the tailor, still more gently, "that just shows how firmly the tailor in the back." buttons were sewn on."

"You never seem to take an interest in anything I do," sobbed the young bid "Don't be so unreasonable," remonstrated her husband. "I remain awake all last night wondering what you put in that cake you made yesterday

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Mass Effect

THE experts and authorities have told us that we now enjoy a large numerical superiority over the enemy in the air. We ourselves know, from Battle of Britain experience, that a large numerical superiority is necessary if the inherent advantages of the defensive are to be overcome. Not only the few, but any few have a reasonable chance of holding the many in defensive air fighting because of the central fact that the battle worthiness of all aircraft diminishes as they go farther from their bases

Today our aircrews are constantly working far from their bases, and in order to balance the disadvantages of this they must be numerically strong. I doubt if the American daylight bombing could have achieved success had it not been backed up by the greatest aircraft-producing nation in the world. Out of numbers we have to learn to pluck air victory. And it is not so easy. I have frequently reminded our tacticians that we must study the methods of using numbers effectively if we are to get anywhere. There is no evidence that we have advanced far in such study. Tactics are partly secret, of course, but any ordinary observer or reader of the official communiques can get a rough idea of what is going on.

Lanchester's Law

It all brings us back to Lanchester's law, or the N squared law. It sounds forbidding, but is the simplest thing in the world and embodies the essence of the problem of using many aircraft with the fullest effect. The point is that if four aircraft attack one successively, flying in line astern, and supposing each attack to be a nose-on one (so that both sides can bring fire to bear) then the numerical superiority is being completely thrown away. The many may well be defeated by the one because they are not using their numerical advantage. It is like the favourite sequence of the early, silent Charlie Chaplin films. Charlie Chaplin, pursued by a posse of police, would dodge behind a door and then knock each policeman on the head as he came through the door. The posse of

police was not making good tactical use of its numerical advantage. I am afraid that in many air battles the Allies do no better than those policemen. They win by having better aircraft or by being more resolute or better shots and not because they have numerical superiority.

If only tactics were openly discussed I feel sure that the answer would have been hammered out by now. But it is the inflexible rule that secrecy retards and eventually stops progress. It is imperative that the Allies learn how to get the fullest advantage from the use of num-bers in the air, even if this means the introduction of complicated formations and additional intercommunication difficulties.

Warner's Way

I MET a British civil aviation
expert a few days ago looking as if he had seen a ghost. But I found that all that had happened was that he had been discussing things with Dr. Edward Warner. Dr. Warner has some astonish-

ing system of juggling with figures in his head and producing approximate results to difficult calculations almost immediately. I know one other man who has a similar capacity and who once tried to explain to me how he did it. At any rate when the problems of commercial air lines are being examined one wants to have in one's head a calculating machine like the one I saw a few years ago at Cambridge. It was an electrical one and occupied several rooms.

Don't Donate

UCKY people is the word for the Hertfordshire Lucky people is the word for the Herttordshire Education Committee, for they have been told by Mr. A. S. Butler, chairman of the de Havilland

Squadron Leader John R. Baldwin is the C.O. of a Typhoon fighter squadron which so far holds fighter squaaron which so far holds the year's highest score of enemy aircraft destroyed. He comes from Bath and served in the ranks as an aircraft hand with the A.A.S.F. in France. Seven weeks after re-ceiving a bar to his D.F.C., S/Ldr. Baldwin has been awarded the D.S.O.

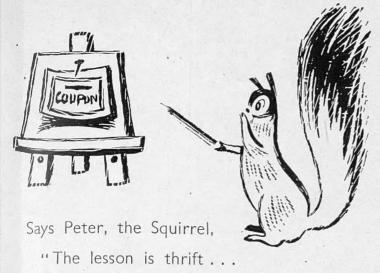
Aircraft Company, that the may be given a site near the act drome for putting up a technic college. Information about the first came to me from a cuttifrom a financial newspaper. regretted to see that this paphad contracted the "donation disease, now so prevalent. Now days people never "give" and thing, they "donate" it. I a not an automatic objector new terms. I never could agree for instance, with Captain Fa when he put forward his inge ous objections to the use of word austerity as an adjective But I do not get any difference shade of meaning (except in perhaps increased pompositive donate." Anyhow, this is most generous donation—service. —gift. I only hope that is educationists will make better use than they have yet sho themselves capable of doing, of the support they are now gettin Education is a word an

matically repeated by the bra trust and all who aspire cerebral eminence. My feat

that the help being given education authorities will be employed to me future generations greater prigs than previous or I would except only that kind of education that confined to a specified subject, such as aeronaution

JUDGING from the pictures the Warwick is as looking an aeroplane as the early Wellington has really clean lines and the famous high as ratio wings give it a fineness which is attract to the eye. Mr. Wallis introduced his good system of construction partly to obtain hese system of construction partly to obtain hese the wallis are the wallis when the lowest the Wallis are the wallis and the lowest wall was to be the wallis as the wallis are the wallis and the lowest wallis are the wall wallis are the wallis are t aspect ratios, and the longevity of the Wellington first-line operational aircraft has justified his the





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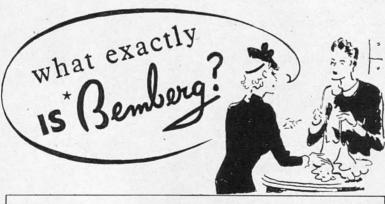
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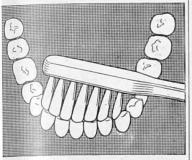


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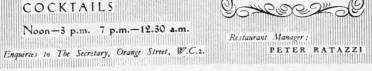
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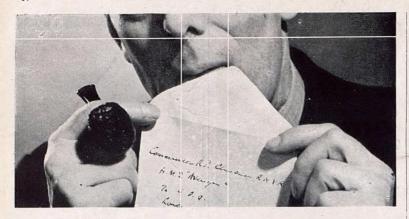
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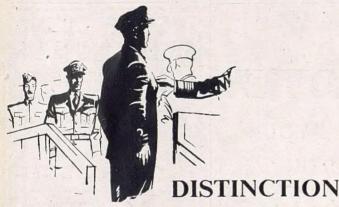
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